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The Athenian Mercury:

Tuesday, *January* 23 1694.

To the moſt Illuſtrious Prince *LEWIS* of *Baden*, On his Happy Arrival in *England*.

TError of *Turks* and *Tarters!* thoſe who roam
Thro' vaſt *Polonia*'s Fields ——
Or our *Moſt-Chriſtian-Infidels* at home!
Thrice Welcome to fair *Albion*'s friendly ſhore!
Not thy *own Germany* cou'd *love* thee more.
Oft have we *heard*, altho' ſo far remov'd,
Thy *growing Fame*, have heard, and wiſh'd, and lov'd;
Next our *Immortal William*, thee admir'd,
By thy *Example*, as by *his*, inſpir'd,
And with the ſelf-ſame *glorious Ardor* fir'd.
How plain the *Engliſh Genius* ſhines in thee,
Form'd by High Heaven proud *France*'s *Enemie*:
Or treacherous *France*, or haſty *Fate*, in vain
Stopt in his full *Career* the Great *Lorrain*;
His *Thouſands* He, thou haſt *Ten Thouſands* ſlain.
The diſtant *Danows Waters* this Confeſs,
And *Neckar*'s conſcious Streams can do no leſs,
Whilſt on their *Banks* thy *Iron Squadrons* ſtood
Swell'd to the *purple brim* with *faithleſs* Blood.
Peaceful Campaigns ſome *Generals* may delight,
And *harmleſs Wars* — thy *buſineſs* is to *fight*.
Sent by the *Garman Jove* thou *ſhoot'ſt* from far,
Thy *Sword* thy *Thunder*, and thy ſelf a *War*,
O may'ſt thou *early glitter* in the *Field*,
May thy ſtrong *Aarm thy wonted Thunder* wield;
No tedious *Councils* thy *Succeſs* delay,
Or to *ſure Conqueſt* ſtop thy *glorious Way!*
While *gen'rous Savoy* ſtill goes fiercer on,
Whatever *France* and his *Ill Fate* have *done*;
Stops his *wiſe Ears* againſt the *Syrens* Charms,
And calls the *Princes round* to *Noble Arms*;
While *William* and *Bavaria* jointly ſhare
The *Hazard* and the *Glory* of the *War*,
And with *unſhaken Breaſts* the *Torrent* bear:
'Till all at laſt their *glorious Labours* ceaſe,
And *beat* your *haughty Name-ſake* into *Peace*.

But that the *Jacobites* mayn't Complain we ſay *all* for *our Lewis*, and nothing for *theirs*, We'll for once do 'em the *Kindneſs* to inſert a little Poetry of their own, in Praiſe of their *Invincible Monarch* — in which if there ſhou'd happen to be a ſprinkling of *Blaſphemy*, the *Reader* is deſir'd to take Notice they are but *Words* of *Courſe*, and no more hurt in 'em than in "*Our Lord* "*God the Pope* — with which ſome Squeamiſh Hereticks have been formerly offended.

The *Jacobite* Verſes, To the Invincible *French LEWIS*.

Second alone to *Jove*, in whom Unite
Unbounded Goodneſs with *Unbounded Might*;
Whether to Succour *Innocence* diſtreſs'd,
Or quell thoſe *Monſters* who the World infeſt.
In vain the *Titans* againſt *Heav'n* combine,
In vain their embatt'led *Squadrons* crowd the *Rhine!*
Be *theirs* the *Eagle*, ſince the *Thunder's thine!*

Anſwer.

Rival to the *moſt High!* in whom unite,
Unbounded *Malice*, with Oppreſſive *Might*.
Whether to murther *Innocence* diſtreſs'd,
Or with fierce *Wars* the groaning *World* moleſt:
In vain *Salmoneus* may with *Hell* combine,
And in *falſe Globes* of *borrow'd* Sulphur ſhine,
Since ſtill the true *Tounder*, angry *Jove!* is thine.

Queſt 1. *If there be one Infinite Creator of all things, and he perfectly good, for what Reaſon did he fill the World with Monſters, Poiſons, Vipers, and Beaſts of Prey, which certainly Conduce not to the Happineſs but Deſtruction of Mankind, and ſeem not at all conſiſtent with ſo much Goodneſs?*

Anſw. It was this Objection, as well as the Difficulty of Sins coming into the World, which threw a parcel of *Fooliſh Hereticks* of old upon the *Whimſey* of two Principles, one the *Maker* of all that's *good*, and t'other of what's *deſtructive* and *bad*, or as the barbarous *Indians* to this day, one the *Good God*, and t'other the *Evil*. But an indifferent portion of Common Senſe without much Philoſophy will ſatisfie a Man that nothing can be a greater Contradiction than *two Firſts*, *two Supreams*, for ſo they are ſuppos'd — which muſt be either of Unequal Power, tho' that's Nonſenſe, both Supream, and then one wou'd deſtroy the other; or elſe of *Equal*, and then we ſhou'd not only have *two actual Infinites*, but being Contraries they wou'd both be eternally ſtruggling, and one wou'd immediately deſtroy thoſe Worlds the other had made, which he might eaſily do, being of Equal Strength and Power. This Monſter then being Confounded, we muſt try if We can aſſign any other Canſe of all the Miſchiefs which we are ſure we feel, tho' we neither know (without Revelation) how we came by 'em, nor how to get rid of 'em. And here, The Creation of all things by one Supream and Good Being having been granted, which can't be deny'd with any Appearance of Reaſon, 'twill be very plain by the Reaſon that the World came not in this manner out of God's Hand, diſtorted and deform'd as we now behold it; for tho' there are many things in it which yet retain the viſible Mark of a Divine Architect, yet there are others far Unworthy of him, and altogether unlike him, who makes nothing but what's Good, however we come to be plagu'd with ſo much Evil. Thus far Reaſon goes, and here how highly are we oblig'd to that Gracious Being who has given Revelation to help us, and to ſtrengthen our Sight when we cou'd ſee no further, but were loſt in the dark Abyſs of his Providence? And 'tis this tells us not only that *Man is fallen*, but alſo how he *fell*, and

dragg'd

dragg'd with him the whole *Creation*, which *groans* and *travels* as well as he; for 'tis Unnatural for any Positive Being to be Evil, and is a plain Force and Violence upon it. Hence then 'tis that we must deduce all the Confusion or Misery we *see*, or *feel*, or *hear* of, from our selves, not from God, all of which are the Effects and Punishment of Sin. 'Twill go a great way toward the Proof of this, if we consider that 'tis for the most part a secret implanted Aversion and Enmity between Man, and those Noxious Creatures that makes 'em so Mischievous and Inconvenient to us, when they are not so in their own Natures, but might rather serve to the Use, at least the Ornament of the Creation. Lyons and Tygars, if tam'd as some have been, may be, if not Serviceable, however Delightful. Wild Beasts have Furrs, at worst, that will Comfort us as much as before their Owners scar'd us — Not to add that many of 'em will not set on a Man unless in their own Defence. Nay, even Serpents, some of 'em especially, are even in their present Estate (perhaps as much alter'd as that of Man) very Beautiful and Lovely, and some of 'em perfectly Harmless; and if we believe one great part of the *Forreign Virtuosi*, their whole Venom lies in their enrag'd Spirits, since when in a good Humour there's not half so much Mischief in their Bite as in the Prick of a Pin or Needle: And the rankest Poisons have no Effect on some Bodies, nor wou'd on any Man's, were it not for some Accidental Causes, which may be even by Art provided against; and even Scorpions, and Vipers, and Mad-Doggs, carry in their own Bodies Sovereign Antidotes against those Mischiefs they cause — An Argument of Divine Wisdom and Mercy as well as Justice. And these Noxious Qualities may be suspended whenever the Supream Being pleases, who makes use sometimes of such a Suspension, or rather perhaps fortifying of the Body against their Effects, for great and wise ends, well worthy his Interposing, namely to Evidence great and momentous Truths to Mankind; as for Example, that of our Saviour's Mission and Doctrine, in Confirmation whereof his Disciples had Power over Asps and Serpents, and if they drank any deadly thing it cou'd not hurt them. After all, why do We Complain of those *less* and *rarer Evils*, when at the same time we every Day bring a thousand times worse upon our selves, tho' free and voluntary Agents — Nay, and are very fond of 'em too, and will by no means part with 'em — We see Men are Wolves, Tygars, Serpents to themselves as well as one another, and one *great* French *Basilisk* has it's very probable, already destroy'd more Men than all the lesser Vipers, Serpents or Tygars since the Creation; and yet he, as well as the Old Serpent, has many Hundreds-of-thousands that will still *fall down and Worship him.*

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